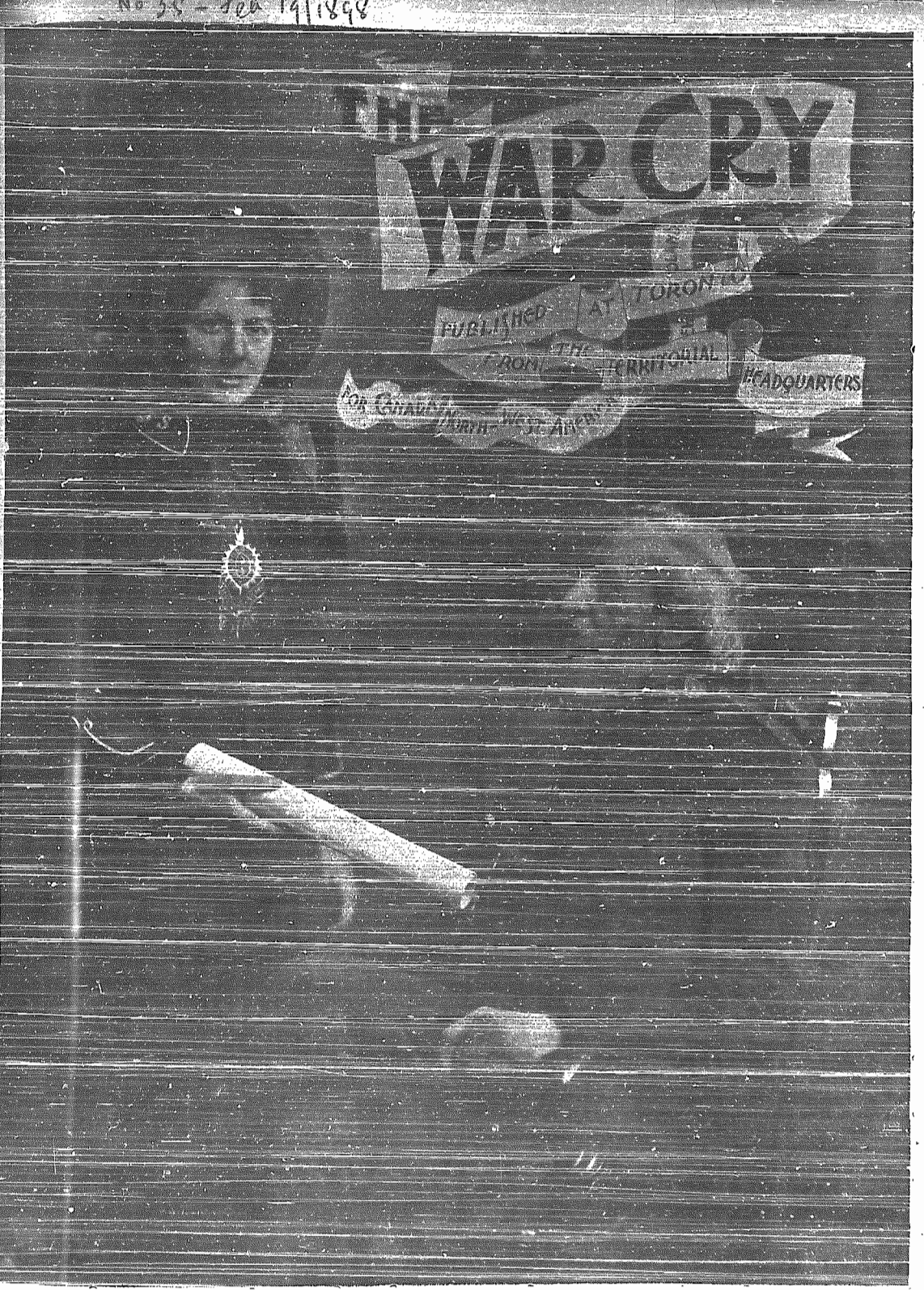


No 38 - Feb 191898

THE WAR CRY

PUBLISHED AT TORONTO
FROM THE TERRITORIAL
HEADQUARTERS
FOR CHADWICK
NORTH-WEST ARCTIC



(Vol. III. No. 21. February 16th, 1898.)

FIELD COMMISSIONER MISS BOOTH HANDING THE WELCOME ADDRESS TO THE GENERAL AT THE MASS RECEPTION MEETING IN MASSEY HALL.

"For myself I am God's I am yours, and I am the Salvation Army's to the end." The Field Commissioner to the General.

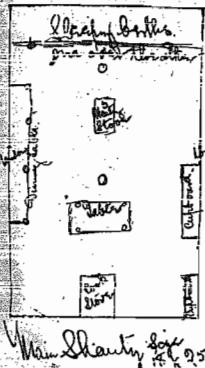
Latest Social Venture a Splendid Success.

WOOD LIMIT IN THE NORTH-WEST.

Labor Provided for Out-of-Works—Men Happy Under Army Management.

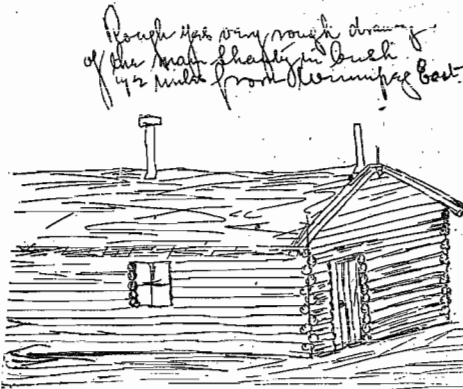
THE first hint that the Army was likely to "take to the woods" was given by our late gifted leader, the Commandant, in his daring programme of Jubilee advances, which he issued in this Territory in the General's Jubilee year. That hint has now attained to a realization in fact through the enterprise of the North-Western Provincial Officer—Brigadier Bennett—and his aides, who, as we announced a few weeks ago, have secured a Wood Limit 72 miles East of Winnipeg.

Through acquiring this Wood Limit the Army authorities will be able to supply very much more employment to the out-of-works than through the Social Reform Institutions at Winnipeg, and look to the Army for help in their time of need, as well as supplying wood for the Labor Yard in the city which is kept supplied with temporary employment for the immediate needs of those who may want food and bread, but have no money to pay expenses.



It will hardly be necessary to mention that there are many Timber and Wood Limits in Canada, since one of our principal industries is the lumbering business. As may be imagined, although there are many thoroughly well-conducted shanties, there are others where card-playing, dancing and drinking are the main diversions on Sundays. The Army will, of course, make Sunday a day of spiritual blessing to the men employed and will endeavor to run the whole thing on pattern lines.

The following information, extracted from a despatch from Brigadier Bennett, will be read with interest:—



"Fifteen men are at present employed working the bush, and two teams hauling wood either to Darwin or Culver siding, ready to be shipped on the cars to Winnipeg. The men went down early in November. During their first week they did not get properly to work, having to fix up the shanty, dig the well, etc. Three weeks after they had one hundred cords of wood cut and piled. The prospect is good for getting fifteen hundred cords of wood of one kind and another during the present winter, and there will be plenty of hay to supply provender for the horses after this year.

"The following is a list of prices paid for cutting the different kinds of wood. Poplar, 50c. per cord; Mixed wood, 50c. per cord; Spruce wood, 50c. per cord; Jack Pine, 75c. per cord; Tamarac, 50c. per cord.

"The board is good, and gives general satisfaction. It consists of beef, pork, beans, potatoes, bread, syrup, etc., and the general drink is tea. For board and lodging the men pay \$2.50 per week. In addition to the usual ration of food, they are able to shoot rabbits and partridges, which are plentiful in the woods, and form an agreeable change to the menu.

"Capt. Cromarty reports all the men as being very happy and contented. Of course there is no whiskey drinking, card-playing or cursing in the shanty. Anyone who curses is fined 50c., but not

a man has been fined yet. It is a good indication of the quality of the moral atmosphere that four of the men have already given up smoking.

"When the Self-Denial Campaign was on in the North-West a few weeks ago, two of the men contributed \$7.75 towards that fund—a touching tribute to the value the men themselves place upon Salvation Army Social Reform work. The men are in a distinct sense separated from

the great boon to our Wood Yard in the city, in addition to helping the men temporarily, which is no small thing in the North-West, when so many are out of employment, and the coming winter, which has to be endured, drives many to extreme measures to get support. However, we are most anxious to help them in every way possible, and we shall employ as many men as our funds admit of in connection with our Winnipeg City Industries and the Timber Limit."

Brigadier Bennett is a Yorkshire man, and Yorkshire men are notorious for 'good designs.' Brigadier Bennett is quite consistent in this respect, at any rate so far as his dealings with the men are concerned, for he says, "To give you a good idea that the men in the bush can eat, and that they are a healthy crowd, I may mention that the following is a partial list of the supplies that have been sent to the bush: Flour, 20 sacks; oatmeal, 500 lbs.; cornmeal, 500 lbs.; 20 bags of potatoes, 100 lbs.; split peas, rice and barley, 100 lbs. of each; tea, 50 lbs.; meat 1,000 lbs.; vegetables, butter, lard and so on ad lib, and for the horses six tons of hay, and a huge quantity of oats and bran.



Reminiscences.

WHEN I went to Glasgow in July, 1883, my brother, Capt. Ellis had charge of the Light Brigade work in Scotland. We were a large family; my brother was a journeyman, and was making journeys all over Scotland and London Agents, and talking up the Social work in churches, drawing-rooms, and wherever he could get a footing and a hearing. We had a box of receiving G. B. M. boxes from Headquarters and filling orders to all parts of Scotland, receiving and answering letters, checking bills, etc., etc., often working till long past midnight.

I Fell Gladly in Love

and nothing pleased me better than to go about the city collecting boxes. Any one who has been in Glasgow will know all about the long closes and winding streets all round the houses, so different from our Canadian homes. And our dear Scotch people were so kind, to many of us a cup of tea by the way as well as the boxes, and the proverbial invitation to take a glass of whisky.

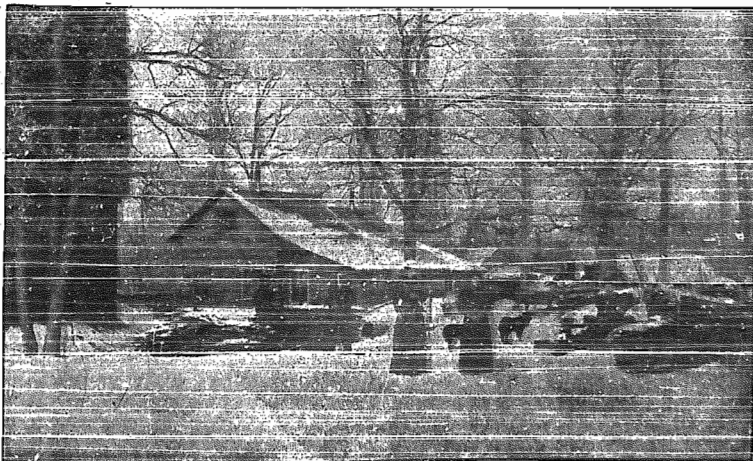
I remember once getting such an agreeable surprise on opening a box, which at first sight apparently contained only a few shillings, but was in fact a half-sovereign in gold. I do wish we could send some of them among our boxes of cents in Canada. Dear reader take the hint and give some of us poor agents a surprise some day. It would be just lovely.

One day having occasion to go out to make some purchases for dinner, I took three four boxes with me and readily placed one in the butcher's shop, one in the dairy, and one in the Post Office. Soon after that I wrote a little piece about the G. B. M. boxes for the Social Gazette, and speaking of what a blessing the money got in this way was to many hungry and suffering ones, I received a few days afterwards

A Letter from a Poor Man

who was in a very distressing circumstance. He had read my report and thought I might be able to help him. It was the same old story, alas! of thousands. NO WORK, FAMILY STARVING, SICKNESS, etc., etc. I thought, "Wherever shall I go to get not being in a position to help him very much financially, but God's ways are wonderful, and help for the poor family was coming just then across the Atlantic Ocean, and I don't know it. A friend of mine—L. A. B. the "Pacific Coast Army Woman"—was then on her way from New York and in a day or two arrived at Glasgow. She readily came to my help, and together we went to Govan, visited the family, and helped them then as well as afterwards. To God be all the praise. I am determined to do all I can to push the Light Brigade work in Charlottetown. P. E. I.

Ensign Bale in addition to being book-keeper of the Property and Finance Departments, bandman of the Headquarters staff band, Sergt.-Major and bandman of the Temple corps, has accepted the position of Local Agent for Headquarters, and at the end of the next quarter might have been seen making his way from one office to another, receiving the sum of \$45. This, the Ensign assures me, will rise to \$50 for the next quarter.



FARMSTEAD AND WINTER SCENE.

Residence of O. G. Barker, Dauphin, Alberta.

COLOSSAL CONCLUSION OF THE GENERAL'S EASTERN CAMPAIGN

Mightiest Meetings in the Annals of the Army in the Territory.

HUGE CROWDS—NEARLY TWO HUNDRED PENITENTS

—IMMENSE ENTHUSIASM.

INTRODUCTION.

THE GENERAL absorbs our thoughts, astra to their depths, our nature, and fills our horizon. We will not be misunderstood, we are sure, by saying that for the moment, we see no one else in Toronto but the General, and hear no one else's voice save his. This is his third visit to our country since the order was given—sixteen years ago—to fix the standard of a Blood-and-fire religion in the Dominion.

The event to us is of extreme importance; to Canada one that will impress and influence its religious life for years to come. We point to the remarkable attendance of our leading statesmen and ministers to bear this out. We know of no religious teacher or reformer who has so generously received the approval and favour of such an array of philanthropic, political and religious talent and authority, as has our great and honored General.

The General comes at a moment when we are enabled to encourage him, and he to encourage us. The Army's position in the Territory is today stronger than it has ever been—there is more intelligent grasp of foundation principles by its soldiery. The principles which determine the strength and permanence of a movement are better applied. These are organization, system, wise methods, inspection and authority. The record of work done, and results achieved, which our Commissioner has submitted to the General, more than support the statements. We need not go into particulars. In every respect the Army is stronger, holier and bigger. Were it otherwise, we should say so, but there it is—a blessed, treasuring fact, and we ascribe, with all our hearts, the honor and glory to God.

We also acknowledge it is fitting at this hour that we should recognize the services of those who have contributed to this result. Our former leaders, by their untiring energy, uncompromising devotion to principle and love for the souls of the people, left our beloved Commissioner with a heritage of moral and spiritual power, that she has employed with a success which only those of us acquainted with the difficulties of a war like ours can rightly estimate.

Her character as a lover of souls has done the rest. For undoubtedly the great outstanding fact in the recent history of the Army in Canada is the able and successful leadership of Field Commissioner Miss Booth. She has demystified prejudice, she has converted enemies into friends. She has revived the sympathy and added to the numbers of our friends. She has lived for and loved the Staff and Field Officers. She has set the Field as an example of daring Salvationism. She has done it—not for temporary gain—but with her eyes fixed upon still further perfecting the Army to deal more successfully with the careless thousands of the Territory, and more efficiently raise the sunken wrecks of our community.

When daughter faced father in the Massey Hall the other night, and the officer submitted herself to her General in words that will be cherished by the next generation of Salvationists—"For myself, I am God's; I am yours, and I am the Salvation Army's to the end"—the climax to a long period of uphill and successful scaling of another height in our warfare here, was reached. The seal of Divine and human approval was placed upon a great work.

war. The Soldiers' gathering on Saturday night prepared the way for the overwhelming triumph next day, while the General's remarkable address on the Special Scheme of the Army put the final seal upon what has proved to be, as we expected from the first, a Campaign that will leave behind it results that will multiply with increasing years, memories that will soothe the aching heart of many a brave officer on the field of battle, supply ammunition to the armory of the staff, and widen the Army's influence all over the Territory, thereby extending and strengthening the Kingdom of God on the earth.

MASSEY HALL RECEPTION MEETING

SIBERIAN WEATHER has become quite fashionable since Nansen went "farthest North" and gold was discovered at Klondike, but its popularity alone would hardly have guaranteed the persistency of the huge



MON. A. S. HARRY, Premier of Ontario.

Who presided at the General's Reception Meeting in the Massey Hall.

But a vast continent of work remains untouched. Our tribute is to what has been done; not to what has still to be taken in hand.

And our beloved General is here to tell us how to do it. He comes to us with the ripe experience of his great heart and his great mind, and the practical knowledge acquired by the Army on its world-wide battle-field, and places himself at our disposal in the spirit of a servant and apostle of the Lord. Great is our responsibility, but we shall rise to it. The events that have gathered around the General's progress through Canada convince us that everything is ready for a distinct advance in every branch of our service for God.

We must leave the events of the week to speak for themselves. The reception of the General was in every way worthy of the city in every department of its civic, religious and philanthropic life. The General's acknowledgment of the Field Commissioner's address touched the Dominion, for it was no local or Provincial occasion. The event rose to the high level of a national inspiration. The Field Officers' Council marked a new era in the salvation progress of this

crowd who pressed their way through the blustering elements last Thursday morning. Hurricanes of biting blast drove blinding powder of frozen snow into the eyes, slippery ice-covered ground afforded an uncertain and chilly walking ground for the feet, but the crowd above referred to gathered notwithstanding and did not disperse until two hours had passed—much of the time intervening being passed in the open. The incident which held them there was the prospective arrival of the General. The large booking hall at the Union was transformed into a reception room—where throngs of Salvationists from most parts of the Territory exchanged comradely greetings and war news. The train which was to bring the General into their midst was timed to arrive at one o'clock, but that was a calculation made without reference to the unexpected snow-inundation which delayed it a solid hour. Now was this all—the engine fires had blown out by the almost blizzarding wind and fresh power having to be dispatched from Toronto occasioned a

"Uniform only this way," the unfamiliar call, but albeit not unpleasant, came from the lips of a railway official—the passenger Army band was the entrance ticket to the trains. Through the courtesy of the authorities some hundreds were thus admitted to pass to the platform. It was down here that the more or less impatient crowd waited here too were heard of, and wonder-

alms that "the surly" was coming," and here at last that the General was welcomed amidst a blizzard welcome enthusiasm. Anticipation had increased by the long waiting and it was through a highly-excited throng that the General passed with the Field Commissioner on his arm, and to the melody of the Staff Band's martial strains entered his carriage. Then the fever heat of the station scene began to wane only to revive again with increased vigor and fervor at the Massey Hall that night.

The reception meeting was a brilliant expression of Salvation and citizen welcome. Considering the counter engagements in the city that night the crowd was a good one, for, as the General said, "We had a political meeting, the weather and the devil against us."

The platform was a striking one. Many of Toronto's master minds in social and religious life vied with the galaxy of Army element present to manifest their joy, pride, and appreciation. From the Hon. A. S. Harry, who expressed himself honored to fill the chair on such an occasion, to the General's Secretary of the Staff, who continually brought himself into prominence by involuntary shouts of delight, there was wide-spread endeavor to share the General's soaring exultation of the love and loyalty of the Staff, which his presence brought. The Premier's welcome on behalf of the Provincial Government was terse and to the point.

Dr. Potts, as representing the Ministerial Association, spoke in fervid and eloquent language of the General. He said, "We welcome to-night one of the most remarkable men of the 19th century. When the history of this is written, the name of the distinguished guest of this evening will hold a distinguished place." His hearty generous remarks won for the Dr. warm and warm place than he already holds as a staunch Army friend.

The Mayor being unavoidably prevented from presiding the Municipal Council in person, was represented by Ald. Rynd.

A spontaneous burst of applause and acclamation greeted the Field Commissioner's welcome. The address which is given at length elsewhere in this issue, was a strong and eloquent declaration of the love and loyalty of the Territorial Division of the Army's Field. For conclusion, "As for myself, I am God's, I am yours, and I am the Salvation Army's to the very end," was inspired, and induced tremendous applause.

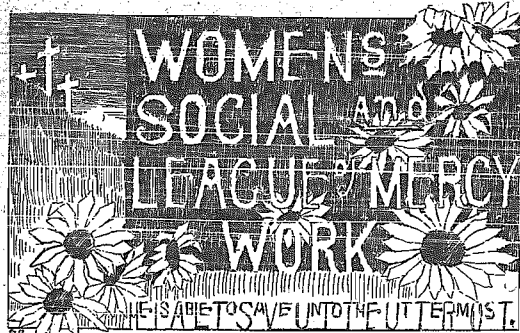
The event of the evening arrived. The General, after the space of three years, again faced a Massey Hall audience. Bigger gaze fastened itself upon his tall form unabating in vigor and his face unflinching in force. The General's glance of penetration scanned faces of whole-hearted interest and attention, while hundreds were marked by real affection for the veteran speaker. The significance of his words as he thanked the audience for so hearty reception, captivated, "I am," said the General, "only pay back into your own hearts, the blessings you have wished me."

His speech which was partly retrospective and partly prophetic, afforded in its tribulant reasoning, its pointed illustration, and forcible truth, an insight into the being and doing of the Salvation Army, as informed the understanding of the most enlightened on Army topics. The sympathetic friend, the calculating critic, and the enthusiastic enthusiast all came away fortified for thought and edification. The group of combated ministers of all denominations who filled the platform's East end, were less demonstrative in their enthusiasm than the vermilion-clad bandmen of the Staff who composed the West side. The convulsion-wrenched arguments which they gave, declared individual responsibility in the world's salvation, and how the Salvation Army was shouldering its share, were relieved by such humorous sparkling as brought laughter to the lips of all who heard them.

The Premier justified the supposition made at the commencement of the meeting to the effect that he was a real chairman by his rise while yet the hall resounded with hearty appreciation of the General's words, to make a very effective appeal for the dedication. He besought his hearers to put their hands deep into their pockets and bring out the very last dollar.

"The Hon. A. S. Harry is a fine example of a true Patriot," we want him in the Methodist Church."

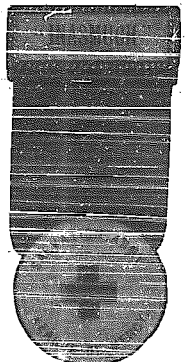
The great audience were meantime



INASMUCH as ye did it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me.—Matt.

The devotion rendered by the League of Mercy to the sinful and suffering is a service rendered as "unto Him."

This beautiful spirit actuates the efforts made by them in their noble work.



Hence the suggestive word-motto on the tasty shining badge which the Commissioner has sanctioned for all members—men and women—to wear "INASMUCH" stands out red lettered in pretty relief upon the white bar of the badge.

The badge consists of a white button bearing our red cross symbol, and is suspended by a lovely crimson ribbon, symbolic of no Calvary tide which flowed for the salvation of a needy world.

In Toronto such blessing is being disseminated by his department of work, as have just had the pleasure of meeting all the workers with Mrs. Gaskin, in a profitable little gathering at Lippincott. Each one who spoke had something encouraging to say.

They keep up a constant visitation of the Institutions, distributing War Cry, praying, singing, speaking and lending a power to all who come under their influence.

Mrs. Major Gaskin still energetically leads the Toronto Leaguers forward. Other members as the girls center whenever they have the opportunity. We have enlisted among other new members lately Eileen Nellie Griffiths, who will be a valuable acquisition.

Mrs. Adjt. Stevenson visited the Home of Incubates. All were very pleased to see her.

I was delighted to have the opportunity of again seeing the women of the Mercer on a recent Monday night. A splendid work is going on at that institution. Several of the girls testified to a power to keep even in a prison.

They listened attentively to all, especially to Mother Florence's loving words and the singing of Eileen, Griffiths and Edith Easton.

Dear Mother Florence was saying "Good-bye," as she is leaving Toronto for Tokyo.

She leaves behind many from whose hearts her memory will never be erased.

"Oh, tell Mother Florence I want to see her before she goes—SO much," said a poor woman in the House of Providence to me a day or two ago. She had blessed memories of Mother Florence in our dear old Drunkards Home.

Hundreds of people far and wide in this Territory miss similar meetings and I have no doubt will unite with the Women's Social Department in wishing our comrade and her husband God-speed in the land of the Stars and Stripes.

A few weeks ago we had the opportunity of addressing the prisoners in the Central Prison in Toronto. We have since received touching letters from two of the men who have since taken a stand for God. One says, among other things:

"Dear Madam, I write you these few lines to let you know that your visit has done much good. Oh, if you would only come often! I am sure there would not be so many prisoners here to-day.

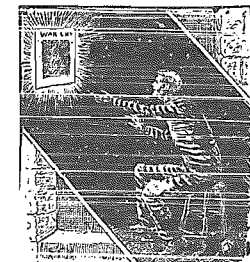
"Dear Madam, I cannot tell you the joy you have brought to one poor sinner. This Sunday after dinner I knelt down in my cell by my bed and threw my all at the Saviour's feet. He did not turn me away, but He took me in. Ever since I shook hands with you in the chapel I did not have a dry eye till I gave my heart to God, and I hope you will not forget to tell my dear old friends that I have come to my Saviour, and I do not think that I am likely to fall again."

The other one tells us:

"Central Prison, Toronto.

"Dear Madam,

"I write these lines to let you know that I am well and in good health, hoping this will find you the same. I will never forget your message to me about 'Hope.' I was very glad to see you. I am going to take God as my Friend and Saviour from this time and forever. I want you to pray for me, that I may be true to the end. When I get out of here I will come and see you. I always felt that I wanted to do what was right, but I mean to do so from this



out. I would like you to send me the War Cry every week, or some good books or papers, and I will never forget you. I will remember you in my prayers.

I just mention these instances to remind our friends that we should be glad if some readers would help us to send War Cry to this prison. We distribute 300 weekly in the other institutions in the Queen City, and through the generosity of some corps and friends we were able to give away some extra copies at Christmas.

Yorkville deserves special mention. The Temple and others sent a few. The War Cry came to much appreciation, and we should like to send weekly to the Central Prison. Who will help us to do this?

We have just been requested to conduct the morning Sunday School with the girls—young girls from 12 to 18—in the Refractory Department of the Mercer Reformatory, once a month.

This will be a splendid opportunity of influencing young growing girls, and we

hope to make the most of the chance afforded us.

The sister in charge of our League of Mercy work in the Timesboro City writes:

"It is a long time since the League of Mercy in Kingston had a report in the War Cry, but the work is going forward and we have had some blessed conversions. One was a lady sick in the hospital last Spring. She went home in darkness of soul, but the Spirit of God followed her, and the prayers of the League sisters, and as she thought of the way, peace came to her soul. A few days ago she returned to the hospital to look for the one God had used in her conversion.

"There are a number more in each Institution. Some have got saved and are living for God. We regret the removal of our leader, Mrs. Brigadier Sharp. We are united for God and souls."

"A. Countryman."

"P. S.—Mrs. Downey, who has been to the Police Court three mornings, and have charge of two children."

The meetings in the Kingston Penitentiary have been fruitful of much good.

Adjt. Ebers, in writing of a service held in that prison some time ago, sends a song written by one of the prisoners. We quote from it:

Flie to yonder Crimson Tide,
Gushings from the Saviour's side,
Where you may feast on His blood
In peace and joy for aye.
Flie, for time is ebbing fast,
Your days of hope are running past,
This day may be your last and last,
Then none so more delay.

Oh, sinner, come, and weeping fall
Down where grace is free for all;
Let faith lay hold on Mercy's arm,
And angels will shout for joy.
Come, and now begin to live,
Come, and now free grace receive,
Now no more your Saviour grieve,
But praise your tongue employ.

Mrs. Major Southall, who has charge of our work in London, writes:

"Thanks for the very pretty badge. I've it ordered for all. We are getting along very nicely. I think with our work you will have heard particulars of the City Hall disaster. Our League women, together with Mrs. Turner and myself, were going all hours visiting the injured, and homes of the dead. We were welcome visitors. I believe some were converted, in fact, I know some are. We had a very nice meeting in this month. I had a talk with the matron who has given us the privilege of going every week with Crya, also we can talk with the prisoners."

Our London Leaguers were "red cross" saviours indeed, and we are sure our God will water with His Spirit the brave efforts they made to alleviate suffering and comfort the sorrowful.

OUR PLATFORM.

Short Talk by Walter Scott, Guelph.

Humanity to-day is famishing for the Bread of Life, and it is immaterial how the loaf is sliced, so long as the people eat. Jesus says: "AM THE BREAD OF LIFE. HE THAT COMETH TO ME SHALL NEVER HUNGER."

I came to Jesus a sin-bound slave, nearly fourteen years ago, and

He liberated me from the bondage of the Devil.

and has satisfied every longing of my soul with the goodly heritage of the Kingdom of God ever since, and to-day my soul is delighting itself in fatness, in the presence of the Lord. Glory Hallelujah!

Now, the Scripture and experience both teach that the way of the transgressor is hard, and King Solomon declares: "HE THAT FORSAKETH EVIL

Paraphrase it to His Own Death;

BUT IN THE WAY OF RIGHTEOUSNESS IS LIFE, AND IN THE PATH-WAY THEREOF THERE IS NO DEATH." So don't let the arch-devil hell deceive you any longer, my friends, nor rob you of eternal life and land your soul in the pit, but "SEEK YE THE LORD WHILE HE IS BEING FOUND," and "IF YE SEEK HIM WITH ALL YOUR HEART, YE SHALL FIND HIM."

Whatsoever God's Word is, truth: "Whosoever a man saith, that shall he also reap." If you plough iniquity and sow wickedness, you will reap the same. If you sow onions, you will reap onions. If you sow wheaten, you will

reap drunkenness and its bitter consequences: but if you

Follow After Righteousness and things that pertain unto it, and godliness, you will reap salvation for both worlds.

FLASH LIGHTS

From a Recent Talk by the General on Noah's Flood.

WHEN the great inquisition for Blood is made on the Final Day I want my spirits to be clean. . . . The Flood was a terrible dispensation. Men find it difficult to believe in that awful punishment, with men and it difficult to believe in Hell, and these difficulties exist because they do not grasp the enormity of sin. If they did they would readily believe in God's punishment of those who live and die in their sins. The old world was a world of backsliders. It became so evil that God resented it. His decision was made. God looks down on — this city of light, of instruction, and knowledge, and sees the tide of iniquity rolling through its streets. I wonder if He ever looks at it and says: "How did I ever look at the old world, groined and repenting that He gave you a being? . . . But the world, before the Flood, had another chance to get its sins straight out. You have another opportunity to get saved.

"Noah had to build an ark, and the magnitude of this task can scarcely be realized by us. I think Noah must have been a man of great business ability, a landowner, a rich business man—and he devoted all his means, time and energy to the fulfilling of this order of God. . . . He preached, and his wife and his sons, and their wives may have preached too. Why should not women tell of the Christ that died, and tell the world that if they repent and leave their sins they are forgiven and will have the names written in the Lamb's Book of Life? . . . At last, when the work was finished, God gave the sign, and there was a storm in the forest, and the heavens opened, and the "beautiful birds. . . . You say, 'Impossible!' Have you ever seen a flock of gulls, or a flock of geese, or a flock of almost military precision and take their flight to a warmer land? Cannot the God who made the beasts and the birds make them do as He wishes? Then God came and saw the heavens and earth, and the shutting of those doors testified through the world, the flood—the flood burst forth.

"Oh, my brother, my sister, in God ever going to shut the door of His mercy and give you up to the floods of wrath? Shall it ever be, as it was with the old world, with anyone listening to me to-night? . . . The rain comes, and it rains all that day, and night; and presently tidings arrive that the floods are sweeping up to the cities, running down the hills, waters meeting waters, spreading and spreading. Then men and women rushed to the high places crying, 'Where's Noah? Where's Noah? Why did we not listen to him? Let us pray they began to pray, and that thousands repented and went through the flood in glory. . . . God has declared that He will never deluge the world again, and He has set His bow in the heavens as a sign; but at the same time He has declared that the wicked shall be destroyed. A destruction to coming to the people of this world. . . . The people before the Flood were destroyed because they were wicked—not because they did not go to church, chapel or Army barracks. . . . They were not destroyed because they did not sing hymns or read the Bible, but because they were wicked."

"Four bad expressions are (1) There is no danger, (2) Only this once, (3) Never again, (4) By-and-by."—Christian Standard.

Were the Church in full Holy Ghost touch with God, the world would be evangelized in ten years. Love is commanded—the world thus of God, and in the world, and the clink of a mill a day in the Lord's treasury to save them! Angels may weep, while demons laugh and shout—Sel.

God has declared that He people be united with all the fineness of God. . . . We must be saved, and we must be saved together and running over. The Christian faith should appropriate such an abundance that there would not be a person to receive it. What runs over will convert others.

Cheering up People.

By the General.

BROTHER JOHN CEDREN.

A Backslider Restored to His Bodiness.

The death-angel has again visited our ranks and taken from our midst our brave comrade, Bro. John Cedren. As we think of him it hardly seems possible he has gone. Only a few weeks ago he was so well and strong, only twenty-four years of age. Truly "We are as the flower of the field, in the morning it flourisheth and groweth up, in the evening it is cut down and withereth."

About seven months ago, Bro. Cedren had the joy and privilege of pointing our dear comrade to Jesus in the second Army meeting he attended, since which time he has been a true and faithful soldier of Jesus.

During his illness he was visited by many of the soldiers and also the officers. Their visits seemed to lift him Heaven-ward, he always gave a bright testimony. We called to see him at half-past five on Monday evening. We saw he was worse but still had no thought of death. Do you know, Bro. Cedren was well between him and Jesus, the answer came clear and strong,

"All is Well."

We left him hoping it was God's will he would be better in the morning. Alas! when we awoke the next day he was lowered, he stopped in cheerfully and went to be with Jesus, leaving testimony behind he was going home to Jesus for us to meet him in Heaven. A young man who was sitting next him knelt at his dying bedside and gave his heart to Jesus. It seemed so sad he had no relations here, but he had made up his mind to leave this place, respected by all. We gave him a real Army funeral. A large crowd. Hardly a dry eye. Every heart was touched. His name, which we know our loss is Heaven's gain. Who will take his place? Someone must fill the gap. "Be ye also ready for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."—N. E. Green, Capt.

SISTER MRS. WINTERS, Fardboro, N.S.

Sister Winters was a soldier of ten camps for ten years. She had been sick for some time and her last days were days of suffering, but she never complained. Jesus was precious to her. Through it all her testimony was always clear. She sent for me just before passing away, to tell me she wanted the Army to bury her. She said she had the desire of her heart realizing that another soldier had gone home.—L. H. Larcen, Capt.

MOTHER WRIGHT, Waverham Street.

Death has again visited our corps and taken from our dear old Mother Wright, who for many years has been a true soldier of Jesus Christ, and of the Salvation Army. She was always very faithful in her prayer and testimony, often saying,

"Oh, There is a Real God! A Real God."

I do believe it," she would say, and such waves of power and love would come from her words. She was loved by everybody who knew her. She will be missed both in the family circle and in the Army.

The funeral service was conducted by Rev. T. Leggett, the Methodist minister, assisted by Capt. White and Lieutenant Meeks. There was a good attendance of both Methodist and Salvation Army. The memorial service was held in the barracks on Sunday night, and many tributes of love and respect for her were freely expressed. We tried to impress upon the sinners the uncertainty of time and the certainty of death, but none yielded.

It was a real farewell of Capt. White and Lieut. Meeks, after a nine months' stay. The service came to a close by consecrating ourselves afresh to God and the Army and the world's salvation.

Yours for God and souls.—W. W.

AVARICE GATHERS ITSSELF POOR CHARITY PAYS ITSELF RICH.

Jesus Christ alone is singularly to be loved and He alone is found good and faithful above all friends.

Never desire to be singularly commended or beloved, for that apperthallness only unto God, Who hath none like unto Himself.

For Him and in Him, let friends as well as foes be dear unto thee; and all these shall be prayers for thee, that He would make them all to know and to love Him.

The time to do a good thing is when you can. If you had a high-up power to do good, you would be a praying soul, you are gilly better. God of you fall to stretch out your hand. To my soul will be too late.

MR. GEORGE BOOTH, London, Ont.

Sudden indeed was the call which came to our brother, George Booth (familiarily known among the local soldiers as "The General"). On Tuesday night Brother Booth was present in the Army meeting at the local of health and rest. It was remarked by some of the soldiers how jovial and happy he seemed to be, and he in reply asked, "Why shouldn't I be? With good health, lots to eat and rest, and a good warm bed to sleep in, what more can a man want?" Little did anyone think that in the morning he would be lying cold in death. But such was the case. While attending his duties at one of the railway crossings, Brother Booth, in stepping from one track to get clear of a freight train, in the fog and mist, stepped unknowingly in front of the Stratford express when it was only a few feet distant, receiving such serious injuries that death ensued about an hour later. Brother Booth never recovered consciousness after being struck, despite the fact that he was at once removed to the hospital and every effort made to restore him. Our comrade has been a soldier in the London corps for the past fifteen years, and his good sense and fatherly counsel have always been of great service.

From his conversion he was for many years addicted to strong drink, which wrecked his home life and cast him in the world, but, thank God, when human powers failed, his hand seemed able to help, then the Spirit of God came in, and the grace of God proved all sufficient.

Brother Booth found in Jesus a wonderful Saviour. His after life proved this, and none who really know him, and his private troubles, could ever that he has fought a good fight and gone to his victor's reward.

The funeral took place from the residence of his daughter, on Clarence St., and was well attended by soldiers and friends. Mr. Smith conducted the services both at the house and grave, being assisted by Mrs. Southall, Mrs. Kirkpatrick (of St. Thomas), Staff-Capt. Tarrant, and Adj. Hughes. All bore testimony to the consistent life of our beloved comrade, and thanked God for another soul that has passed safely from the ranks of the Salvation Army below to join in the song of the redeemed around the throne of God. He was as well prepared and ready for the message when it came.—J. H. M.

6-6-20

SISTER MRS. MANUEL,

Bigston's Cove, Newfoundland.

The death-angel has visited our ranks and taken from our midst our comrade, Mrs. John Manuel. She was a soldier for years, and has suffered much during the last year from heart disease. Her husband, who is corps Sergt.-Major, will have her body taken care of by her gain. I had the privilege to stand by her side about sixteen hours before she died. When her mother came in weeping she said,

"Mother, Meet Me in Heaven."

I am going to be with Jesus, Oh, mother, do meet me in Heaven." Many times previous to this I visited her and asked her if she felt her acceptance with God was sure. To such questions she would answer very decidedly, "Yes, Captain, all is well."

On Thursday, December 16th, our soldier was in the grave. We have her father's funeral, and although the weather was very disagreeable, quite a number attended the service. As we stood around the grave we felt the presence of God to be true, and judged the little comrade by the country roadside singing the chorus—

"I will live in the Army, I will die in the fight,

In the work that the Master has given me to do;

With His arm to uphold me and His promise to cheer me,

Glady may I'll pursue."

One soul saved at night meeting makes a total five since taking charge.—Mr. J. Butt, Capt.

6-6-20

SISTER MRS. O'NEAL.

After fifteen years of Salvation warfare Mother O'Neal, of the Thamesville corps, at the age of 81 years, has gone to join the ranks of the redeemed in Glory, just two months after her father's death. She has left a large family to mourn her loss. Our earnest prayers on this behalf is that each member should be led by the Spirit of God to take up the weapons laid down and fight the good



people, who will go about picking up and comforting such as have gone down before their enemies. The world is full of people who have begun the fight—began to work—began to save themselves, or somebody else. They have done very well for a season; then they have grown weary in well-doing, and relapsed into a do-as-well-as-you-can condition, hoping for better days.

They have failed. They have failed because they gave up. And they

Gave up Because They Were Discouraged.

They want encouraging to try again; they want fresh heart being put into them, helping out their feet, sponging down and setting off again in the fight.

Let us go to sinners. Where are the men and women going down the steep incline to hell who have not at times in their history works up to make a desperate struggle to stop? Have they not seemed to succeed for a season, and then—because men, or devils, or circumstances have hindered—lost heart, and given up? Let us go to them. We can reckon that the Spirit of God is still striving, there in a spark of fire smouldering somewhere. Let us find it out, fan it, and let us go to them. We can reckon that the Spirit of God is still striving, there in a spark of fire smouldering somewhere. Let us find it out, fan it, and let us go to them. We can reckon that the Spirit of God is still striving, there in a spark of fire smouldering somewhere. Let us find it out, fan it, and let us go to them.

Go to the saints. Is there any child of God living who has not at some particular time and in some particular direction challenged the devil, and has gone in for some higher form of Holiness, or some particular work of usefulness? Have they not fought right bravely at the start? The angels in Heaven and the soldiers on the earth have welcomed them as allies. And

They Meant to Persevere:

but lions came in the way. The sinners hated them. The saints misinterpreted them. Business was interfered with. The wife or the children did not approve. They did not get on, or something, to their satisfaction. They struck for a while, and then they lost heart, took their hands from the Gospel plough, and settled down. But they are there. Deep in their hearts are the memories of these past hopes.

Find out these people. Find out what they were. Get them to make another start. Offer to help them. Show them what way they are gifted for the work of saving men. Speak of its advantages. Show what they might have been.

If They had only Gone On

step by step, and you will allure them to renew the race.

Go to your own officers. It is true some do not need any encouragement. People are often afraid to go on. Always writing bitter things against themselves and their work and all they have to do with, others think quite as likely of themselves as they think of their work. They have a little more. These latter will not need you; you pass on to the desponding class. Go to those whom the devil al-

most daily tries to persuade that

They Have Misled Their Calling,

are out of their place; that they have not the necessary abilities, are not qualified for the work. That they are not gifted for singing or speaking, or praying or writing, or commanding, or anything else. Go to these. Sit down by them. Carry them the tidings of any crises in which you know God has used them. Show them wherein they have excelled, or might do. Tell them of others who have held on and improved themselves and reached positions of great usefulness and power. Do not be afraid of being too kindly. Go out of your way to shake them by the hand. Look out for particular

Circumstances of Discouragement,

and specially meet and cheer them there. Go to the soldiers. Find out the poorest and most unfriended, whose doorways are seldom darkened by visitors. Interest yourself in their trials and difficulties, whether spiritual or temporal, and help and cheer them in these special particulars. Let them tell you their troubles. It is astonishing how much better they feel when somebody has listened to the description of the special sorrows that they have to endure. Find out those who always march in front and sit at the head of the column, and then go to them. Then, again, those who are timid and never get a chance to speak. Call them up, and make them hear of their own. Those who never sing a song; let them have a try with a solo, and if they break down or are snob-pooled, find out some good kind in which to let them have done. If there is one; encourage them with it, and make them promise to try again. Assure everybody that

The Road to Excellence and Success Is Open

before them; that they have only to practice—to practice plenty, to practice often, to practice with all their heart—in order to become perfect. But mind there must be no encouragement in sin, no cheering up people in wrong-doing, or comforting or amusing, or wish-washing of people while they are in any shape or form holding on to unrighteousness. No truce with evil. War to the knife with all that is worldly and devilish. In this respect show no mercy; "Curse is his that keepeth back his sword from blood."

Again, there must be no flattery.

No Stroking Down or Praising People

simply to please them or gain their favor. This means cursing rather than blessing; is the way down, and not up; for a proud, or condescended, or stuck-up disposition ever surely goes before a fall.

No, my comrades, you must not dabble with untempered mercy, crying, "Peace, peace!" while there is no peace—no encouragement in sin. Neither must you flatter to remove the heaviest burden.

But I think all that is lawful and likely to stir up and stimulate poor, sad, desponding human nature to raise herself up to seek purity and everlasting joy and gladness in the arms of her Maker should be done.

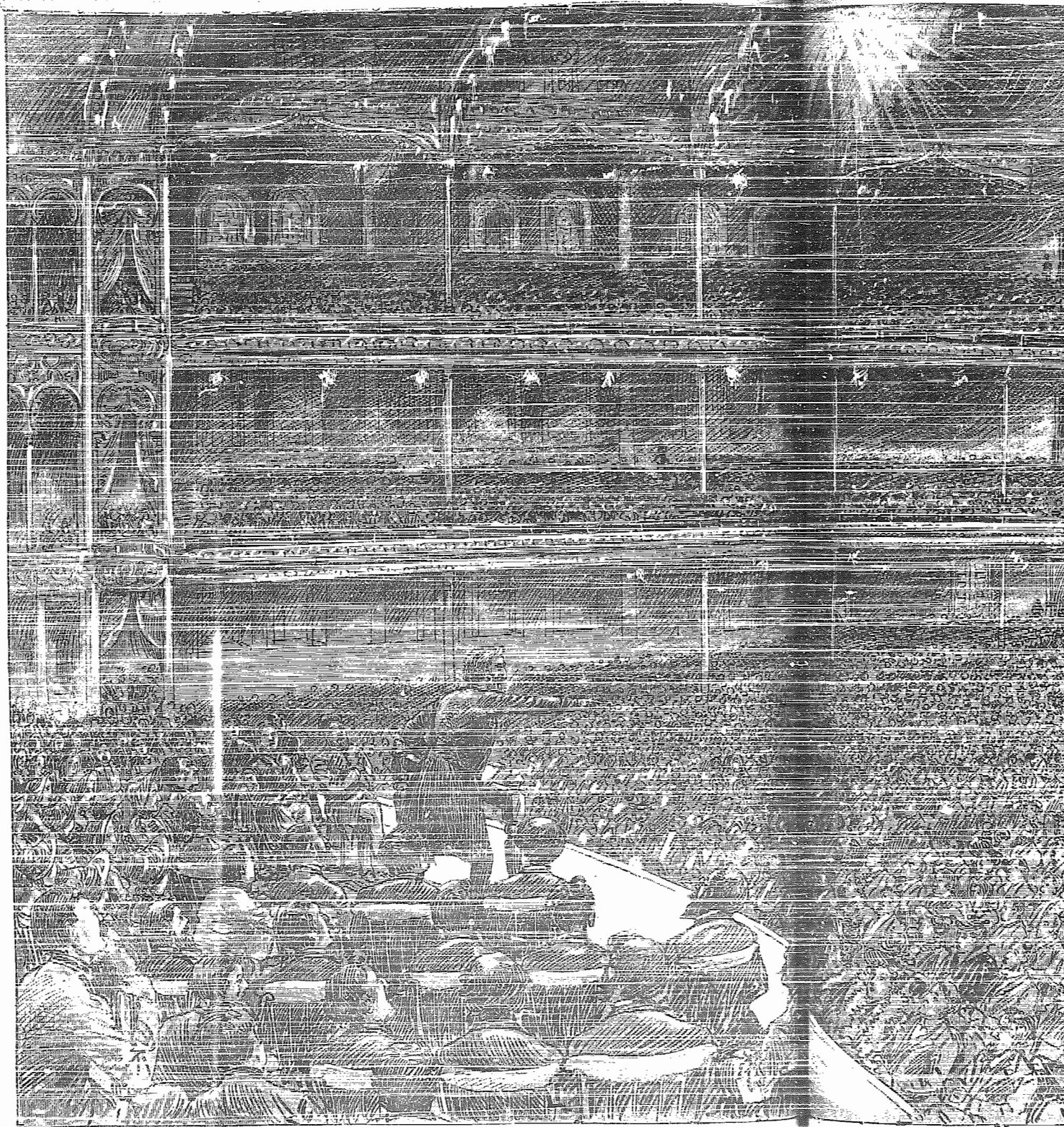
Cultivate a gift, my comrades. Get your life filled with the sunshine of Divine love, and your mouth with singing, and then go about leading others to that ocean of blessedness that is waiting for you.

Yours in the fight for the gladness of the world,

WILLIAM BOOTH.

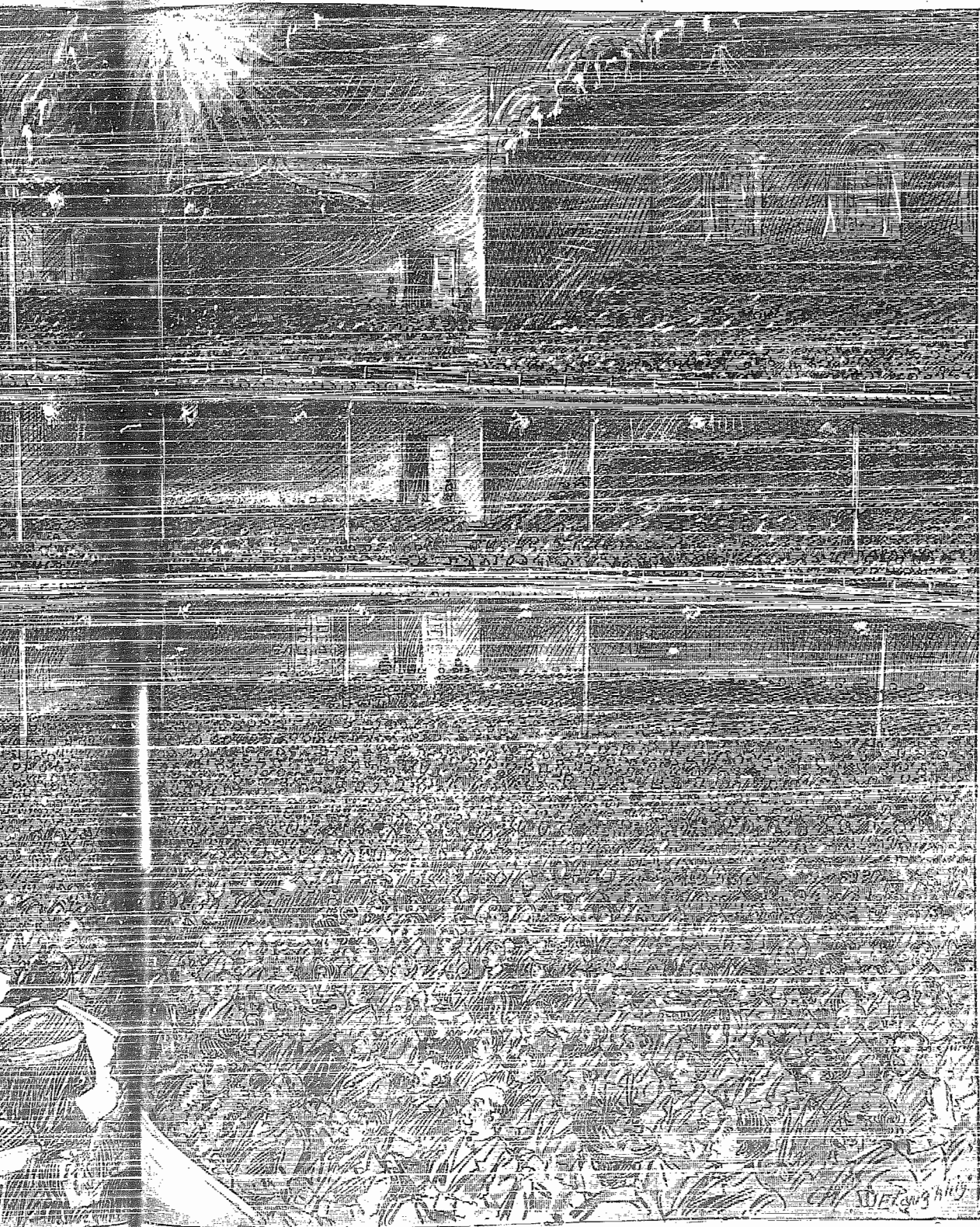
MRS. C. A. WHITE, Waterville.

Mrs. C. A. White, a faithful soldier of Waterville corps, has been for years standing, after much suffering, borne without murmur, passed away to be with Jesus. Her patience and faith was a wonder to all. Our dear sister had been for many years, having faithfully pushed the Cry, and she was faithful in her dealings with people about her souls. Mrs. White leaves a husband and a family to mourn the loss of a loving mother, and a true wife. A large circle of friends who will raise her words of counsel and cheer. Pray for the bereaved ones that God will comfort them.—Capt. Anne Ryan.



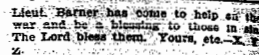
THE GENERAL ADDRESSING HIS AUDIENCE IN THE MASSEY HALL

"The Trump of Doom may sound before the sun goes down, and this cloud of wrath will burst on you, and your SINS will be your ruin! You won't want devils to torment, or from
of your side, will the trumpet sound."



HIS AUDIENCE IN THE MASSEY HALL ON SUNDAY.

...and blackness of darkness! You, sin, your sin, YOUR SIN, YOUR SINS.



Liverpool, N. E.—We received a telegram yesterday saying announce R. sign Ebner, and Capt. Day for Tuesday. They arrived O K and saw the meeting. God was with them and together we had a good time. The first recruits in four months. Two recruits enrolled as soldiers. Modern Prodigal Son meeting a success, also auction sale of children. Captain away at the General's meetings at Halifax. We've the promise of a Lieutenant to help us out with the money. We have blankets to keep them warm. Our God Army will serve is able to deliver us and help us out of every difficulty, even in Liverpool.—Dora Parsons.

Walpole, N. D.—We have had a visit from our D. O., Ensign Thomas, and Lieut. Livingston, who made things interesting during their stay. Five recruits were enrolled as soldiers and all gave testimony and evidence of their intentions to fight for God in our ranks until they die. God bless them! Lieut. Livingston did good service with his musical abilities. A nice congregation.

of people greeted them, and we believe eternity will reveal much good accomplished. The fight here is hard in general, but God is giving us the victory. Our prayers are daily going up for our dear General during his tour through the land. God bless him!—Capt. Wentcott and wife, and Lieut. Cook.

Temple Corps.—Good meetings are in order of the day at the Temple. At the Sunday afternoon meeting testimonies were ready and to the point. Three of the folks gave their testimonies to the keeping grace of Jesus, and their united experiences totaled up to 32 years of sal-

waste your days in sin. At the night meeting we proved the truth of his writ that a little child shall lead them when a little girl who was going to a city hospital for an operation and wished to give her young heart to God, we blessed the Lord that five precious souls followed such an example after a well fought prayer meeting.—F. Zuercher, B. C.

Keewatin.—Sunday was a great day of rejoicing here. Good crowd in the afternoon. Junior crowds going up. At the evening meeting God was with us in mighty power. Before going out

the street, one comrade said he had faith for five souls. So every soldier took hold and prayed that God would reward his faith, and before the prayer meeting closed our prayers were answered, and we saw five precious souls kneeling and praying for pardon. Hallelujah! Each one testified that God had, for Christ's sake, pardoned their sins. Glory to God! Sunday two more sought and found salvation. The comrades are determined to fight and conquer sin, and to win souls for Jesus.—Cadet Herringshaw.

HIS CLOTHES FROZEN TO HIS BODY

Ingersoll.—"Friends, when I was in the devil's service I thought nothing of going to a dance in the early evening and dance till morning, and then go home with my clothes frozen fast to my

body, but now I can dance, and jump and shout for Jesus," was one comrade's testimony—and there are others. Now we have the Yankee and the Irish of things are no ways slow. I'd like to tell you what Capt. Dean told me about the War Crys being sold, but guess it's better not for fear —. Anyhow, there were scarce articles on Sunday. Best of the best, some good cases of conversion are on record.

Halifax I.—The salvation wave still continues to roll over guilty souls in our meetings. Souls every night, Sunday night and a record of converts between two and twenty-two souls at the Mercy Seals. Hallelujah! Great conviction in many meetings. We are believing for many more souls in the Fountain of Jesus.

May the Lord bless the new converts and the old ones. We are praying to the end, is our prayer. Our Self Denial effort will soon be upon us. Of course we are going to come out all right as usual. With faith, and prayer, and grit, and go, and all the rest of it. It is our duty. Safely will stand on our banner. Praise the Lord—Seaborn.

BEWARE OF A MAN AND WOMAN
CLAIMING TO BE A MARRIED COU-
PLE AND TELLING A PITIFUL
STORY OF POVERTY AND DISTRESS
ASKING THE PRIVILEGE OF GIVING
A LECTURE IN THE BARRACKS ON
THE INDIAN CAPTIVE, WHICH
THE MAN CLAIMS TO BE. THEY
ARE IMPOSTERS, AS SOME OFFI-
CERS HAVE PROVED TO THEIR
SORROW. THE MAN'S NAME IS
ALBERT SMITH, AND CLAIMS TO BE

AN ARMY CONVERT.

OUR ROLL OF HONOR.

East Ontario Still Triumphant.

East Ontario—27 Hustlers; Sales, 1,570.	
Ensign Walker, Delhiville	135
Mrs. Adjt. Blackburn, Cornwall	115
Adjt. Blackburn, Cornwall	105
Capt. Hill, Montreal I.	88
Capt. French, Peterboro	85
Ensign Parker, Quebec	75
Capt. Banks, Burlington, Vt.	71
Lieut. Grose, Montreal I.	65
Lieut. Liddell, Burlington, Vt.	64
Capt. Little Wilson, St. Johnsbury	63
Sergt. Mattice, Cornwall	59
Cadet Brown, Montreal II.	49
Capt. A. E. Coate, Campbellford	40
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.	39
Bro. Kean, Montreal I.	36
Sergt. Douglas, Cornwall	35
Sergt. Perkins, Barre, Vt.	35
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	35
Lieut. N. Bacon, St. Johnsbury	47
Mrs. Barber, Burlington, Vt.	40
Bro. Fred Stevens, Barre, Vt.	33
Capt. Chappell, Brighton	31
Mrs. Capt. Coate, Campbellford	30
Mother, Lewis, Mount St. Vincent	25
Mrs. Green, Peterboro	25
Hannah Smith, Peterboro	25
Sergt. Root, Belleville	30

Central Ontario—17 Hustlers; Sales, 571.	
Capt. Stephens, Lindsay	85
Cand. Mrs. Skedden, Hamilton I.	75
Bro. Thomson, St. Catharines	42
H. Steinker, Riverdale	33
Sergt. Emily, Howell, Riverdale	33
Ensign H. Cameron, Orillia	30
Sis. Jones, Hamilton I.	30
Mrs. D. James, Orillia	29
Bro. Smith, St. Catharines	28
Sergt. W. Stevens, Riverdale	25
Sis. D. Hagen, St. Catharines	25
Mary Robinson, Riverdale	25
Sergt. Druce, Hamilton	21
Adjt. Atchell, Riverdale	21
Ensign Savage, St. Catharines	20
Mrs. Potter, Hamilton I.	20
N. B. Rowe, Hamilton I.	20

West Ontario—12 Hustlers; Sales, 573.	
Sergt. McDougall, Goderich	100
Capt. M. Collett, Galt	85
Mrs. Capt. Stubbs, Seaforth	72
Ensign Andrews, Berlin	50
Mrs. E. Galt, Galt	49
Ensign Smith, Galt	29
Capt. Stephens, Galt	35
Willie Chandler, Clinton	34
Mary Shuster, Berlin	30
Mary Crawford, Clinton	29
Sis. Ross, Goderich	29
F. D. Stata, Goderich	25
Sis. Little Green, Walkerton	22
Lieut. Hodgson, Berlin	22
Flora Cook, Clinton	20
Capt. Pynn, Walkerton	20

East a Province—11 Hustlers; Sales, 449.	
Father Armstrong, St. John III.	110
Bro. Small, Dartmouth	68
Frank Payne, Liverpool	45
Mrs. Snow, Dartmouth	40
John McVicar, Glace Bay	35
Mary McDonald, Glace Bay	30
Capt. Percy, St. John III.	30
Lieut. Hudson, St. John III.	30
Mickey Birken, Glace Bay	25
John Spencer, Glace Bay	25
Robert Semman, Liverpool	20

Pacific Province—8 Hustlers; Sales, 321.	
Capt. Scott, Billings, Mont.	100
Lieut. Thoen, Livingston	45
Sis. Brewster, Nelson, B. C.	50
Sis. Johnston, Missoula, Mont.	35
Sis. Mrs. Johnson, Blinnmark	28
Sis. Wheeler, Missoula, Mont.	25
Mrs. Ayre (adv. 2 wks.)	125
Sergt. B. Barnes (adv. 2 wks.)	70

Not Yet-West Province—1 Hustler; Sales, 135.	
Capt. Graham, Edmonton (adv. 2 wks.)	135

Get a Good Start.

1. Get a good start in the morning by having time for prayer when you rise.
2. Put the Word of God in the right place. Feed upon it. Make yourself a Bible and prayer union.
3. Pray for what you want. Talk the day's business over with the Lord.
4. Get a dinner-time for your soul. Don't go from morning till night without a few minutes of spiritual retirement in the middle of the day. It is common sense that battles the devil.
5. End the day well. Review it, and call your sins by the right name. Have straight forward dealings with the Lord.



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TORONTO, ONT

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MISSING.

To Parents, Relations and Friends—

We will search for missing or runaway relatives in any part of the globe; be friend, or assist, if possible, wronged girls, women, or children, or any person in difficulty. Address, COMMISSIONER EVA BOOTH, 16 Albert Street, Toronto, Canada, and mark, "enquiry," on the envelope.

If possible, send fifty cents to defray a part of the expenses.

We will be glad if our Officers, Soldiers and friends will look through the Missing Column regularly, and if they see any cases which they could help us with, we would be pleased if they would do so.

Second Insertion.

2247. GEORGE HALL LIPPLE, Age 38. Cabinetmaker by trade. Last heard from Port Hope in 1889, stating he was making his way to Toronto. Mother enquires. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

2015. SAMUEL SINCLAIR, son of Samuel and Isabella Sinclair, of Lindsay, Ont., who was then living in the Township of Green P. O. Height about 5 feet 2 inches, weight about 30 pounds, dark hair, dark eyes, dark beard (sometimes shaved off), sometimes wears a moustache. Last heard from in Jamestown, Dakota. His people are very anxious to know his whereabouts. Address, Mr. Sinclair, Burns Green P. O., or Inquiry, Toronto.

2049. ELIZA DRUMMOND. Supposed to be living in Toronto. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

2050. ALEX. McRAE, of Cumberland, Last heard of him he left Bearmouth, Mont., for Butte to work in a mine. His father is anxious to hear of him whereabouts. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

2048. ALEXANDER LINTON. Fair hair, age 39, scar on middle of forehead, height 6 ft., no toes on left foot. Last heard of, escaped from Fergus Asylum, four years ago, Minnesota. Any information will be thankfully received. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

2044. PATRICK LAMBERT. Age 44, stout, blue eyes. His wife wishes him to return to London, Ont. He left his home in 1880. Last heard of in Chicago.

2045. THOMAS' WILLIAM GATFIELD. Last heard of 8 years ago. Was in New Mexico. Age 30, fair eyes, dark hair, height about 5 ft. Always worked on railroads. Anyone knowing his whereabouts please address Mr. Miles Gatfield, 75 Church Road, Malinde, Newport, Monmouthshire, Eng. or Inquiry, Toronto.

2046. JANE NICOLSON. Left Gledshields, Scotland, five years ago, for Brandon, Manitoba. Last heard of in Winnipeg, four years ago. Anyone knowing her whereabouts please address Inquiry, Toronto.

2051. CHARLES ERNEST WOOD. Left Birmingham, England, in 1888 with his brother William. Landed in Quebec and went straight to the Guthrie Home, in London. Age 31. His brother William is anxious to know his whereabouts. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

Third Insertion.

2053. FRED IEBOTSON. Age 29 years. Last heard from Revelstoke, B. C., then working for the Revelstoke Lumber Co. Mother enquires.

2051. THOS. WILLIAMS. From the Parish of Cradley, Herefordshire, England. Son of Nathaniel and Hannah Williams. Age 45 or 46. By making his whereabouts known, he will be able to return home. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

2052. WILLIAM MASON. Last heard of in Vacaville, California. Age 28, height 5 ft. 8 in., light complexion, slight build, native of Ontario. His mother's name is Mrs. Thos. McConeil, and is now inquiring for him.

2052. JAMES W. BARKER. Last heard from, Wednesday, December 31st, 1903, height 5 ft. 9 in., hair light, forehead high, wears small light glasses, blue eyes, large eyeballs, red nose, scar on jaw bone, wore a pair of rimmed spectacles, and carried a pair of eye-glasses to see at a distance. One knowing his present whereabouts please communicate with the Salvation Army, Inquiry, Toronto, Ontario.

THE GENERALS Trans-Continental Campaign.

MORE PHENOMENAL MEETINGS.

HAMILTON.

Extraordinarily Successful Meetings.

A PROMINENT DIVINE TESTIMONY TO THE ARMY AND ITS GENERAL.



HB RECEPTION accorded our leader on landing was one of the most enthusiastic he has received since his Canadian tour. The large number of the depot and its surroundings were crowded with citizens of all ranks of life, and this widespread interest was contained until the General closed his visit.

If I were asked to state the results, I should classify them as—

1. The removal of prejudice and a few old scores.

2. An inspiration to the local work of the Army.

3. A fuller knowledge and warmer endorsement of the principles best calculated to work out the social and spiritual salvation of the people.

4. A revival of zeal among the clergy.

A few facts from each of these points, will support them. Take the first—the removal of prejudice. I will only quote Dr. Burns, President of the Methodist College in that city, as a sample fact. Here are some of the observations:—
"I had the honor of entertaining General Booth on the occasion of his first visit to Hamilton, but although I was then new to him, I did not know him I do now. His last night's address was a life-long inspiration. I never felt so small, insignificant and microscopic in my life. He refreshed my spirit and heart, and made me look back upon my life with an overwhelming sense of shame."

Testimonies of a similar kind were common next day on telephones. The treasurer of No. 1 corps voiced the prevailing sentiments of the corps:—"His visit will make us in Hamilton. We love the General as much as you do in the Old Country."

But to the third gate from the visit—new ideas, or old ones in new dress, are not readily accepted. But this visit of the General to Hamilton has convinced hundreds of its citizens of the infallibility of our principles for grappling with human misery. The most economical power of remunerative labor as a means of improving and reforming the conditions of the destitute, and secondly, the union of these "General Booth's" Divine inspired workers. "General Booth is not only teaching us our work, but he is largely doing it," said one divine in the Minister's room after the close of the General's meeting.

The visit also evoked a warm and widespread spirit of love, not only towards the General, but the Army as a whole, and we have only to add the introduction of the Rev. Dr. J. V. Smith as a sample eulogy of what our honored leader received as an indication of the convictions entertained by the Army.

"Christian friends, We are not here to-night under the auspices of the Salvation Army. The Army as a religious organization is a thing of the past. The Army is the Church with a great many interesting chapters to follow. Some super-refined people used to look upon this 'barbarous movement with polite disdain. That I am happy to say, does not affect the movement—it is simply a case of the old woman trying to sweep back the tide with a broom. The aggressive evangelism which the Army represents, is nothing more or less than a tidal wave of apostolic character sweeping over the face of the earth. No religious movement of the Christian era could ever, or has made so grand a record in so short a time. The Army has broken the record of the ages. It is only about a century that the old fogyism stood against and all ecclesiastical proprieties were started and shocked by tambores and drums, red garters and police bonnets. Surely such an absurd paraphernalia could assure nothing that was good. I thoroughly

believe that many of them thought that the reign of anti-Christ had actually begun. You remember when John was put in prison by Herod, that somehow the devil managed to get him into that prison called 'Doubting Castle.' His convictions concerning the Messiahship of Christ seemed to have got into a nebulous condition—he seemed to be losing his bearings, so he sent two of his disciples to Jesus to enquire from John, 'Art Thou He that should come or look we for another?' Jesus said, 'Go and show John these things which ye do see and hear—the blind receive sight, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the Gospel preached unto them.' That was the best evidence Jesus could give of His Messiahship, so if there is anybody who is in doubt concerning the Divine origin of the Salvation Army—where the churches doubt the things which ye do see and hear. You have evidence vast enough and conclusive enough to scatter the unbelief of a universe. How many blind eyes have been opened, how many deaf ears have been unstopped, how many lepers have been cleansed, through the instrumentality of this organization? Who can tell? And best of all, how many thousands and tens of thousands of neglected, forsaken poor for whom Christ died, have heard the story of God's redeeming love from the crucifixion of the cross. Men who wear the uniform of the Army T. Wesley said, 'Not only go where you are needed, but where you are needed most.' I am glad that many of the churches are not working very closely by that excellent principle of action. Even those who need us most are left to shift for themselves, but through good report and ill, the Salvation Army has held out the hands of mercy and help to the destitute, the degraded and poor. In the great field of the subjugated masses—where the churches stood powerless, and just as the devil seemed to be having it all his own way—God raised up this wonderful people, who sprang into the breach and carried hope and salvation to countless thousands. Let us thank God and take courage as we behold the glorious results which are being achieved all over the world, in lands nominally Christian and in lands practically pagan.

"I am glad that we have with us General Booth, the founder and director of this movement. I think that there is a man whom I believe to be as truly raised up of God for this magnificent endeavor, as any prophet or apostle of our time. He is a man who is growing in the eyes of the world, as the years come and go. Already he is the best known man in the religious world today. To dwell all the powers of the globe are talking about him, and for once they have a good subject to talk about. His name is in the synonym for Christianity—earnest—he is an inspiring day of Pentecost—crisis in the world's history. For three decades he has stood forth as the champion and leader of the most aggressive evangelism the world has ever seen. I trust that his life may be spared for many years to direct the over-widening circles of this movement which are lifting such multitudes from the foulest pits of vice, breaking them for the noblest citizenship on earth, and the bright hope of a blessed heaven."

The visit of the General to Hamilton was in every way a success. His private and public reception was representative and enthusiastic. The meetings were crowded and influential. Enthusiasm was high, and the General's addresses were marked by the greatest power of expression, logic, detail and salvation fervor.

The General was entertained by his old and esteemed friends, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, and he was happy to tell him a memory of his visit which will be fragrant in days and years to come.

It is alleged that the authorities at Hamilton, Bruce, Edin, forbade any society to march for the purpose of the Army were exceedingly obliging, and that they did not break the law, they just walked along in a body with flag and drums, and in place of the deep marching. The "walking" caused quite a bit of excitement.

BRANTFORD.

A Successful Gathering in the Zion Presbyterian Church.

THE NEXT CITY to which the General advanced was that of Brantford, where he was received by Ella Worship, the Mayor, several leading citizens, and the officers and soldiers of the corps. The night was, by a coincidence, so intensely cold that it recalled the frightful cold snap which greeted the General on the occasion of his former visit. It no doubt interfered with a great many friends and sympathizers being present, inasmuch as there were almost as many tickets sold previous to Tuesday night, as there were people in attendance. As for the meeting itself, it formed one more tribute to the deep esteem in which the General is held, and to his marvelous power in making the very best use of his opportunities. The Mayor presided, and in language of exceptional ability, introduced the General as one who has shone with a bright deliverance to thousands of the denizens of the dark regions of the earth. In the usual resolution at the close, both ministers and laymen were asked to give their money to the good that the Army had accomplished in Brantford, and their admiration for what it had done in all parts of the world.

WOODSTOCK.

They Want the General Back.

THE GENERAL was only able to do an evening meeting at this picturesque little city, but it was nevertheless wonderful. The inclemency of the weather presented no barrier to the citizens. They flocked in hundreds to the Methodist Church long before the time of commencement, and when the General entered, not a vacant seat was to be seen. It was packed in every part. A political nomination, of some importance, no doubt debared a few from uniting with those who were present, but there must have been very few indeed. The General had come up to his work with marvelous liberty, and received an ovation which is best expressed in the language of the chairman, the good Pastor of the Church. "General Booth, we are delighted to see you once more in the city, and especially to know that you are in better health than you were apparently when last here. You are to your next appointment, assured of our highest and best wishes for the prosperity of the noble work you represent. Come back again—come back quick—and we will give you another loyal and affectionate welcome."

The collection amounted to \$100. Another hour after the termination of the meeting, the General was journeying for the evening meeting at London.

LONDON.

Large Gathering in the First Methodist Church.

JUDGE ELLIOTT ON THE S. A.

MAJOR SOUTHALL had things well arranged for this evening's meeting at the depot was well done. The Major and the General's host—Mr. McCorrick—extended a hearty welcome to the General. The band broke into a hearty cheer. The band struck up a war march, and amidst a flare of music and blessing, the General drove off.

The meeting was held in the spacious, brilliantly-lighted and decorated First Methodist Church of the city. His Worship, Mayor Wilson, occupied the chair. Every religious denomination was represented by their respective Pastors, while the church itself was comfortably filled with a congregation whose numbered souls on two thousand.

Whether it is a libel on the reputation of this honorable city, London has been held to be somewhat conservative in its appreciation of good and noble work. No sign of this was visible, for as the General's statement and story of the Army's progress was carried along, a wave of beautiful and ardent and hearty applause was rendered. The Mayor's endorsement of the Army's work was put in studied moderation, but nevertheless evoked a rapturous and hearty appreciation. Judge Elliott, a gentleman

who knows what he is talking about, and before forming a theory, carefully into the facts, declared that the Army had put in a concrete form what no other organization had done, namely, the union of spiritual benefit with the supply of temporal need.

Perhaps the most suggestive feature of the meeting, was the readiness with which the vast assembly answered the call of the Mayor by instantly rising to their feet as a testimony of their pleasure and highest esteem of the General's work, and of the principles and progress of the movement.

The General stayed with Mr. McCorrick, an old friend of the Army, during his visit in London.

The General's Tour Continued.

WESTERN CAMPAIGN.

VICTORIA, B.C., Wednesday, March 8.
VANCOUVER, B.C., Thursday, March 9.
SPOKANE, Wash., Saturday and Sunday, March 12 and 13. Auditorium.
WINNIPEG, Man., Wednesday and Thursday, March 16 and 17.

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER'S APPOINTMENTS.

BUTTE, Sunday, February 27th.
HELENA, Monday, February 28th.
MISSOULA, Tuesday, March 1st.
ROSSLAND, Thursday, March 3rd.

Brother Smerdon's Bereavement.

A very painful bereavement has overtaken Comrade Smerdon, of the Temple Corps, Toronto, namely, the loss of his dear wife. Mrs. Smerdon had been slightly unwell for some days, but was taken seriously ill on Saturday. She passed away the following Wednesday afternoon. Brigadier Complin was called to visit her a few hours before she died, and was privileged to point her to Jesus as the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world, and although as late, he fully believes she was accepted of Christ, and found the gift of eternal life. Mrs. Smerdon was a bright Salvationist, but the Divine light within her was dimmed through her refusal to obey God's call to become an ally with the Salvation Army. This she has spoken of herself, attributing to that one disobedience many days of heartache since. For some months previous to her death she had been with respect to her health, however, the same Spirit Who had been striving with her, and who changes not, undoubtedly was with her on her death bed. She was a true Christian, her confidence in Christ, which she held in the expectation of getting better, and living for Christ, she rapidly sank. She recovered consciousness to give assistance to her husband, and to her three little children; then she asked her husband to meet her over on the other side, and knew no more. Brigadier Complin came forward for a special service at Bro. Smerdon's house on Friday afternoon when many, amidst tears, renewed their covenant with God. A short service was held in the grave, and a special reference was made to the sad event on the Sunday evening following at the Temple meeting, at which Dad and Mother Flanagan forwarded for Earsden, according to previous announcements.

"We are having success here in our particular work." The Shelter House, and there is great interest for such an institution in Spokane."—Mrs. Adj. Edgcombe, The Haven, Spokane, Wash. U. S. A.

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